Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informer the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame-colored Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaund the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*; for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. VVhat none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenaunce we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe.